

strewed on them some ashes of the root of the herb Cotis, there appeared these words, of a pale green colour:

*Blessed be God, who hath brought to pass that which I wished for: my son is virtuous; my soul is at rest. Selim, now thou hast tasted the sweets of virtuous wisdom, let not any thing tempt thee to desert it: I, my son, will be thy good genius, and will direct thee in the right way. Claim of Mirza the promise he long ago made me; and thou wilt be happy. Be virtuous, or thou deservedst not his favour.*

"I perceive, Selim, said Mirza, thou art at a loss to know what I promised thy father: it was, that I would give to thee my daughter Fatima. Here she comes; take her, and make each other happy."

What answer could Selim give to so much goodness? his every look expressed gratitude: he had seen and loved Fatima at Bagdaht, without knowing who she was. Fatima, in her person, was not beautiful, but entirely agreeable: she had sensibility in her look that struck her beholders with awe. With Mirza's notions of virtue and honour, she had a delicacy that adapted it to her sex; sincerity and truth accompanied all her thoughts and words, unconscious of having done evil, she had a chearful serenity of temper: every body that heard her sentiments approved of them, without her seeming to

to know it; she gave every body the praise that was their due but herself, and was fearful of not deserving the praises that were bestowed on her. With Fatima, Selim was the happiest of men. He was some time after appointed Grand Vizir of Damascus; and having been famed for virtue, and blessed the people under his care for thirty revolutions of the sun, he retired with his still beloved Fatima to Mirza's habitation, and ended his days in peace.

MORAL.

*Wisdom and Virtue lead to the Habitations of Joy, Felicity and Peace.*



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